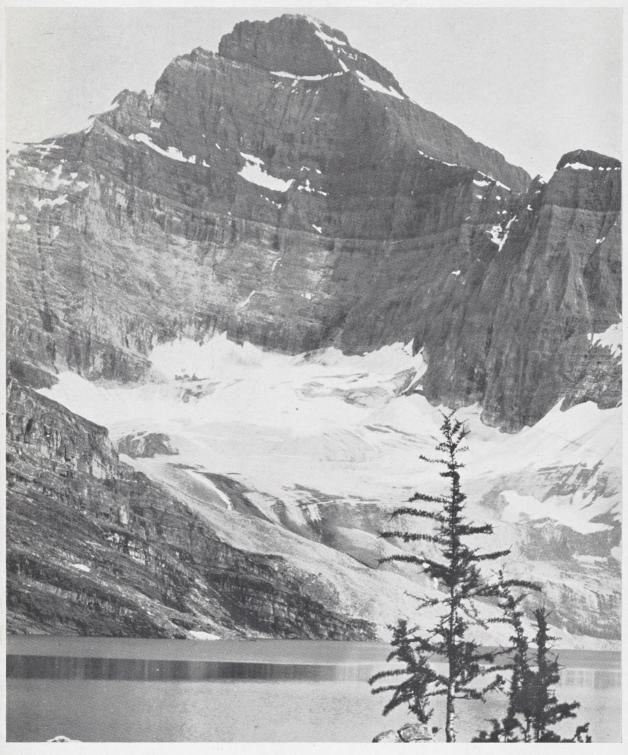
The Sky Line Trail



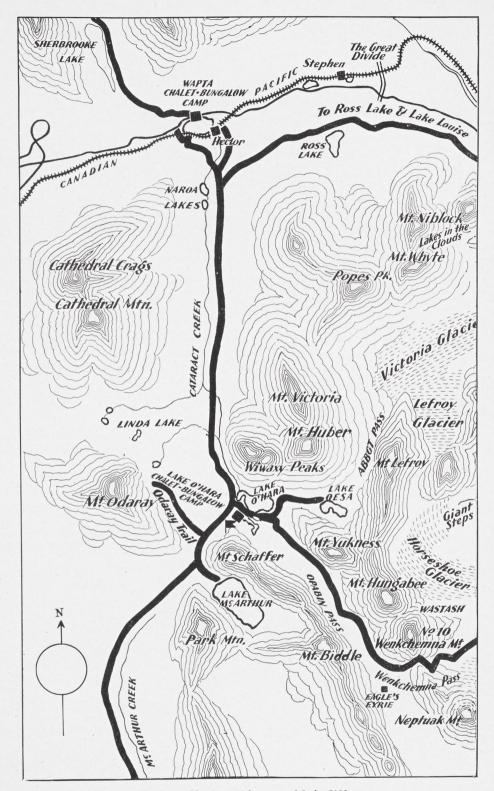
VOL. 3 No. 11



Lake McArthur,
Photo by S. I. Hayward.

Official Organ of the Sky Line Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.

Printed in Canada.



Trails for Sky Line Hikers round Lake O'Hara.

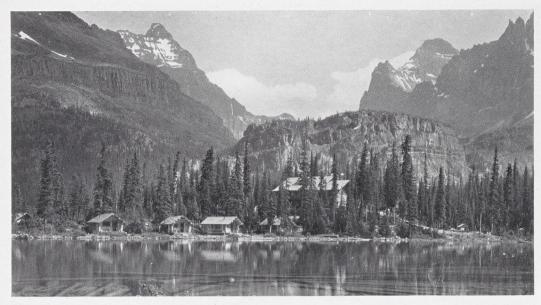


Photo by Associated Screen News

Lake O'Hara Bungalow Camp looking towards Opabin Pass.

SKY LINE TRAIL HIKE PLANS

The organized Sky Line Trail Hikes arranged for next Summer, August 7th to 10th, will be based on one central Camp at Lake O'Hara in order to avoid the cost of changing camp every night, which last year proved rather heavy. Through the extension of the Odaray Bench Trail and the improvement of the trail to Opabin Meadows, Lake O'Hara offers an attractive variety of hiking trails, and is itself one of the most beautiful lakes in the Canadian Rockies. Opabin Meadow is particularly rich in Alpine flowers, and the whole region offers unusual opportunities for the Nature lover. As our illustrations on the front cover and pages 8 and 9 show, the scenery is spectacular, so don't forget your camera. The lake is well stocked with trout. Campfire singing will be held each evening with Harold Eustace Key as song leader. By arrangement with the General Manager of Canadian Pacific Hotels, we shall have the advantage of having our meals prepared and served from the Central Chalet, and for accommodation our members will have the choice of either sleeping in the Bungalow Camp, or in a tent camp set up by the Brewster Transport Company, which will be close by. The number of beds available in the Bungalow Camp is limited, as a percentage of the accommodation must be reserved for the regular guests, but there will be lots of room in the tent camp and at a slightly lower price. The rates quoted include the cost of packing duffle bags from Wapta Station or Wapta Bungalow Camp to Lake O'Hara and return, and are as follows:—

Accommodation and meals (including-	
lunch August 7th, and lunch August	
10th) at Bungalow Camp, two or	
three in a cabin or room	\$22.50
— in Tent Camp	\$20.00

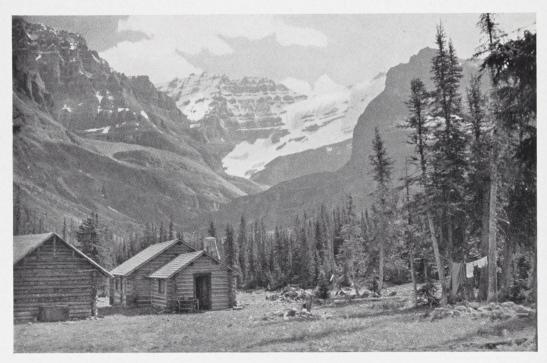
As Hector (the station for Wapta Bungalow Camp) is just eight miles from Lake O'Hara, those who are not already at Lake O'Hara on the morning of August 4th will start out from Hector about 10 a.m. The bus from Lake Louise arrives at Wapta at 9 a.m., the rate being 75 cents. If there are as many as fifteen hikers who wish to start that morning from Banff, the Brewster Transport Company will put on a special bus from that point to arrive at Wapta shortly before 10 a.m., rate \$3.50 per person. Our Western Secretary, Dan McCowan, would be glad to have early advice from those who might wish to leave from Banff, so as to see whether this bus would be justified.

C.P.R. train No. 2 from Vancouver arrives at Hector at 8.17 a.m.

Please send your reservations as early as possible to the Western Secretary.

SKY LINE TRAIL HIKERS

Dan McCowan Banff, Alberta.



Aipine Club Cabins at Lake O'Hara

The Charm of Lake O'Hara

"Think of it," Frederick Niven, the well-known novelist, writes of Lake O'Hara, "one comes from hard, wearing labour in a hot, dusty town, from the nerve-wracking discordances of city streets to the heart of this earthly paradise. One sinks down upon a mossy bank and breathes in the life-giving air of the mountains — pure, fresh, pine-scented. One feels the soothing harmony of this enchanted spot, the gentle surf in the treetops on the mountain side; emerging from the jade temple of a forest, you can enter an Alpine garden where the botanist can count seventy-five varieties of wild flowers in half as many minutes."

To help you enjoy "this earthly paradise," a charming chalet-bungalow camp has been built at Lake O'Hara. The central chalet is on a slight elevation overlooking the lake, and the bungalows — enshrined in tall pines and spruces — dot the shoreline. The sleeping cabins are comfortable, with good mattresses and warm blankets, and are equipped with electric light.

The Chalet consists of dining room, lounge, and a number of bedrooms. It is a rustic building on the style of a Swiss chalet, and is built of huge logs. The ceiling extends to the full height of the building, and the sleeping apartments open off the balcony that encircles the four sides. The room is furnished with appropriate rustic simplicity — long, low chairs and lounges

arranged about a blazing log fire, and gaily decorated tables in front of the windows facing the Lake, where you dine with relish on substantial meals, tastefully prepared and served.

The days are spent on the trails. The immediately surrounding trails are naturally uphill and lead to Oesa Lake, above Seven Sisters Falls, with small icebergs even in mid-summer; Lake McArthur, a perfect glacial cirque; Opabin Meadows, rich in flowers; and Mount Odaray Lookout. With the aid of a Swiss guide, one can cross Abbott Pass to Lake Louise, or round by Opab in and Wenkchemna passes to Moraine Lake. The evenings are enjoyed in the central chalet, spinning yarns, playing cards and games.

Suitable Outfit for Mountain Hiking

Woollen underwear. Woollen stockings. Short skirt, Knickerbockers or ski pants.

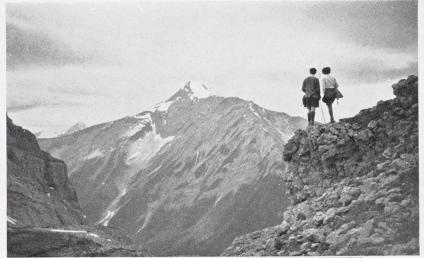
Climbing boots Swiss edge nails, or blank corks or hobnails. No light heels.

Sweater—not very heavy. Flannel shirt. Drinking cup—rubber or collapsible aluminium. Belt with knife (scout) attached.

Waterproof match box and matches.

Light raincoat or cape. Warm coat or mackinaw for evening. Light rucksack to carry lunch, raincoat, etc.

Goggles—preferably greeny-blue or greeny-brown. Cold cream or other complexion grease to prevent sunburn.



Ottertail from McArthur Trail.

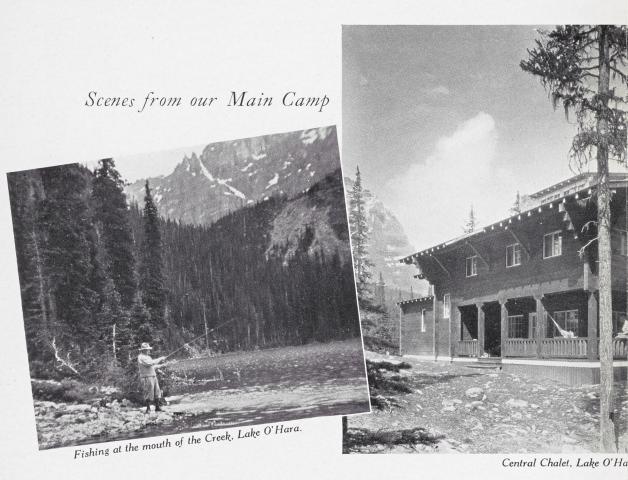




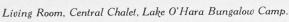
Looking back to Cathedral Mountain from McArthur Trail.

Rest for lunch on the hike.

Photos by Maurice Kellermann.

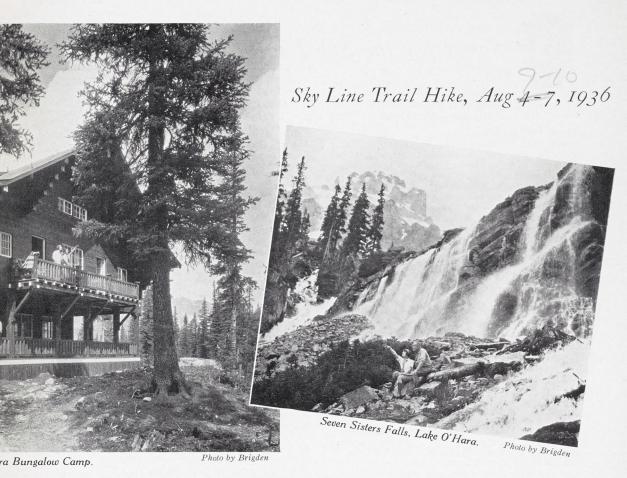








Bungalows at





Lake O'Hara.



Interior of Bungalow at Lake O'Hara.



Songs for the Sky Line Trail Hike, 1936.

YOU STARTED ME HIKING

(Tune—You started Me Dreaming)

You started me hiking, Hiking such wonderful trails. Until the day when you showed us the way, We were as lazy as snails. You started me hiking, Put the hob-nails in my shoe; You gave a jar to the thought of a car, The worst jar that ever I knew. Roads were so crowded and friendless, Each one so smooth and so tame; Now I climb hills that are endless, 'Hiker' is my middle name. You started me hiking, Hiking a trail that is new; You have the chart to the camp from the start, I can't stop hiking with you.

GOT TO HIKE TO LAKE O'HARA

(Tune—Got to Dance My Way to Heaven)

Got a date, got a hunch, Got to join a jolly bunch, Got to hike to Lake O'Hara over the trail. Got a rate, got a pack, Got so far I can't turn back, Go over hill and dale On skyline trail! And I'll soon be blowing like a whale It's no pilgrim staff I'm holding: It's a pole that could a bear impale. Got a guide, got a stride, Got across the Great Divide, Glad as if I'd skipped from Unforgettable, most regrettable jail, Got to hike to Lake O'Hara on the trail!

UPIDEE

(New Version)

The pork and beans were flying fast Upidee—Upida As through a skyline trail there passed Upidee-i-da A youth in kilts who looked so nice With alpenstock of strange device. Udidee - i - dee - i - da Upidee, Upida, Udidee - i - dee - i - da

Upidee - i - da R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-- Yah-yah-hay-yah. Upidee - i - dee - i - da, etc.

His hair was red, his breast beneath Upidee, - Upida Swell'd like the bagpipes on the heath,

Upidee - i - da And like a Scottish saxophone

The music of his voice was thrown (nasally) Upidee -i-dee-i-da - (etc.) "O stay" the Cookie cried "and rest", Upidee - Upida

"The grub we give is of the best".

Upidee - i - da.
"You bet" he said "With mountain dew,

If there's no haggis, this will do" -Upidee - i - dee - i - da, etc.

I'M HIKIN' HIGH ON A HILL-TOP

(Tune—I'm Sitting High on a Hill-top)

I'm hikin' high on a hill-top, Tossin' off the mileage as I go, Where the trees seem to say "Don't hurry! Else you won't have ever time to grow. Stay near the sky and take root here Feeling for a foothold with your toe, Laughing at the hikers as they worry Lest they lose some record goin' slow. Why not stay here with mother? For nothing is so tring as a tramp. No need to look for another, When all you have to do is make the same old camp." That's what I hear from the tree-top Bending as the summer breezes blow, Hikin' high, high, high on a hill-top Tossin' off the mileage as I go.

WE PASSED THE PASS

(Tune-We Saw the Sea)

We joined the Trail Hike to pass the time And what did we pass? We passed the pass— We passed Lake O'Hara and the Opabin, But the Opabin Needs a hair-wavin', And Lake O'Hara isn't so dolled as Lake Louise. We joined the Trail Hike for better days, But we didn't bet, and it didn't daze We were much too occupied with counting up the miles we hiked,-

And what did we pass? We passed the pass-We passed the Opabin and Lake O'Hara, And the Opabin set us all ravin', But Lake O'Hara isn't so Irish as it sounds. They tell us that the grizzly bear Is polite when in his lair, But we didn't pass a grizzly bear Because the grizzly bear is not quite in our class. We joined the Trail Hike to pass the peaks, And what did we pass? We passed the pass– Instead of a peak or two on the Sky Line We were induced to fish with a fly line, Fishing with fly line isn't what it's cracked up to be. We passed the peaks reflected in the lake, Then sat down to food again To talk of other hikes we didn't take. We owe the Trail Hike an awful lot For they taught us how to cook a flapjack And they showed us how to boil the pot-But more than that They showed us the pass-We don't need a passport Hiking the Rockies; We don't go riding ponies like jockies, Or need a passport If there is ever port to pass.

I'M HIKING ALONG THE HIGH LINE

(Tune—I'm Falling in Love with Some One)

Oh! I'm hiking along the high line, Skyline trail, I'm hiking along the upland hill and dale. Yes, I'm hiking along the high line fresh and gay, For under the wonder of blue sky My troubles all fall by the way.

(Tune-Robins and Roses)

Porridge and Bacon And maybe an egg Will help me to grapple With flapjacks and apple pie. Porridge and Bacon From Cookie I beg; And coffee for ever With thirst that can never die. A bowl of sugar to dip in. Unlimited cream, And biscuits to flip in, And, as triumph supreme, Yes, Porridge and Bacon
Will now be my theme, As long as a ballad, And should make the salad fly.

GRUB TIME

(Tune—Dream Time)

It's Grub Time. Grubby, grubby Grub Time, It's Come and Get it now for me and you! It's Food Time Goody, goody Food Time Mosquitoes on the wing are hungry too. Come on, don't be late, Hurry up, fill the plate Fill the plate, do not wait, We've got so much eating to do. It's Grub Time, Grubby, grubby Grub Time. It's time to put it down for me and you!

IT'S GOOD TO FIND A HUMAN NEAR TO HEAVEN

(Tune-The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo)

I came up from Chicago where the gunmen are at And to Banff at first I came, feeling better for the

And then among the Rockies I decided more to roam, So I started on this Skyline hiking game, So I started on this Skyline hiking game.

Refrain As I walk along with alpenstock and an independent You can hear the birds declare, "That's a hiker, I'm aware." Yes, and every star From near and far Comes at night to see the folks we are, For it's good to find a human near to heaven.

I wander on without a care through forest and through flowers To above the timberline where the views are really By waterfall and glacier where the snowcap moun-

tain towers, And the air you breathe is better far than wine,

And the air you breathe is better far than wine.

Refrain

As I walk along, etc.

SKYLINE FOR THE HIKE

10

(Tune—Paris in the Spring)

Skyline for the Hike - Mm-Mm. Folk from near and far - Mm-Mm. Not a gate to bar With Lake O'Har—a Camp the rendez-yous for you-Skyline for the Hike—Mm-Mm. Feet are steepping out, And without a doubt A lively lot, except for those with gout. You must come, You simply can't postpone it, You never will bemoan it,— Find some one you can call a pal Tell him "Yes you must!—you shall!" Mm It can't be beat— There's lots to eat-Every aching corn 's a thing to scorn On Skyline for the Hike.

A MELODY ON THE TRAIL. 11

(Tune—A Melody from the Sky)

Love of open air Is cure for every care, And soon you learn to hum A melody on the trail, How, I cannot tell, It throws a magic spell, And silent griefs become A melody on the trail, And all the blues go winging To another clime In time, And climbing up into the heavens above Turn to love. Love of open air Is cure for every care, And soon you learn to hum A melody on the trail.

HO-RO, MY NUT-BROWN MAIDEN

(New Version)

1. High up in mountain valley, Beneath the harvest moon, I saw a maiden Sally And so I sang a tune,

> Horo-ro, my nut-brown maiden, Hi-ri, my nut-brown maiden, Ho-ro-ro, maiden, For she's the maid for me.

- 2. "Oh, fair Canadian maiden, You sure are far from home, The valley you have strayed in Is full of bears that roam. Ho-ro, my nut-brown maiden, etc.
- 3. "I'm deeply in your debt, Sir, For your so kind advice. The grizzly is my pet, Sir, I find him rather nice. Ho-ro, my nut-brown maiden, etc.
- 4. If fate or bears should move her Across the sea to sail, Quebec or else Vancouver Will find me on her trail. Ho-ro, my nut-brown maiden, etc.

13 I RAMBLE THROUGH YOHO

(Tune-I Pass by Your Window)

I ramble through Yoho By the canyon and fall, Where river is roaring And timbers are tall. And oh! in the Valley Where wild flowers are gay, My heart keeps a-mounting And care flows away.

I ramble through Yoho By the mossbank and shale, And cool in the forest I follow the trail. And oh! in the Valley By campfire I'll sleep, And there in my dreamland Its fragrance will keep.

14 SAY AU REVOIR BUT NOT GOODBYE

Say au revoir but not goodbye To this dear land of open sky, Where we have found in flowery vales The freedom of the mountain trails. Though duty calls and we must go We'll hike in dreams the trails we know.

In joy or pain, sunshine or rain, We love it still, we'll come again. Say au revoir but not goodbye, We'll come again, so do not sigh. In joy or pain, sunshine or rain, We love it still, we'll come again.

15 A-HIKING WE WILL GO

(Tune—A-hunting We Will Go)

- 1. The rosy dawn lights up the peak,
 The birds begin to sing,
 The water tumbles down the creek,
 The water tumbles down the creek,
 Mosquitoes wake to sting,
 Mosquitoes wake to sting,
 Then a-hiking we will go, a-hiking we will go,
 A-hiking we will go, a-hiking we will go.
- 2. The loafer round the hiker throws
 His arms and bids him stay.
 "You fool! it rains, it hails, it snows,
 You fool! it rains, it hails, it snows,
 You should not hike to-day,
 You should not hike to-day,"
 But a-hiking we will go, etc.
- 3. The heather calls above the wood, The purple and the pale, In Alpine meadow flower-bestrewed, In Alpine meadow flower-bestrewed, Along the sky line trail, Along the sky line trail, So a-hiking we will go, etc.
- 4. At night we come to cosy camp, And eat with might and main; The moon above our only lamp, The moon above our only lamp; To-morrow start again, To-morrow start again, And a-hiking we will go, etc.

16 ALPINE WONDERLAND

(Tune-Winter Wonderland)

Birdies sing—are you listening?
On the peak snow is glistening.
The long Summer day we're happy and gay,
Hiking in an Alpine wonderland.
Gone away winter weather,
Honey bee in the heather—
He hums his old song
As we swing along
Hiking in an Alpine wonderland.
Round the campfire we can build a romance
In the moonlight at the nightbird's call,
We may intercept a soft and low glance
While looking at a nearby waterfall.
Later on in the tent.
Know the truth heaven sent,
That naught can compare
With walking on air,
Hiking in an Alpine wonderland.

17 SO EARLY IN THE MORNING

Hicker's Version

Along the Skyline trail we climb In sun or rain in Summer time. The lazy folk in shade would lay, But we go out and hike all day. So early in the morning, So early in the morning, We start to hike away.

When I was young I used to bike, And never thought on foot to hike, But motor cars have come to stay And drive us from the roads away, So early in the morning, etc.

And when it's time at night to rest We find a tent for sleep the best, Until the daylight comes along And cookie strikes the breakfast gong, So early in the morning, etc.

18 RAMBLE ON THE TRAIL

(Tune—Parlez-moi d'amour)

You know it well
And yet I long
Again to tell
How deep and strong
My heart beats for you.
And once again how I adore you;
So come to where the mountain soars,
This lovely land of out-of-doors,
And then I think I'll surely move you
To whisper when I say I love.

Refrain

Ramble on the trail Where bluebell and lupin are blooming, Over hill and dale Through flowers that the wind are perfuming, There I'll tell the tale That floats in the blue sky above you, That I love you.

NEW-BORN STARS

(Tune—I Saw Stars)

New-born Stars,

That lie in mountain lake so clear, so clear, And bring a mock heaven below.

New-born Stars,

I heard them whispering "Look up! Look up! You're only dreaming,

We're only seeming,

A ripple will wash us away;"

But they're so clever They shine for ever,

At least till the dawn of the day.

They're New-born Stars

That lie in mountain lake so clear, so clear,

And bring a mock heaven below.

20

EGYPT LAKE

(Tune—Mandy Lee)

On a sunny Summer day When the flowers were blooming gay, And the mountains towered sharp against the sky, We set out a jolly crew To discover pastures new In the Alpine prairies up where eagles fly. We went over Simpson Pass;

There the heather grows like grass

And the snowy peaks are scattered all around. Then we found a camp was made

In a lovely forest glade

Where the bluest lake in all the land is found.

Refrain

Egypt Lake, I'll come again to you, my Egypt Lake, To think of you my heart begins to ache. Soon I'll set again my tent beside you, Egypt Lake, 'Cause I love you more than any other, Egypt Lake.

THE LAKE THAT IS SO GREEN

(Tune—The Wearing of the Green)

O Daddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?

The stillest lake in all the world has now at last been found.

It lies up near the Great Divide, the mountains

in between; You see them all reflected in the surface so serene.

I met with Mrs. Jackson and she took me by the hand. And she said "What price a mirror now? And

doesn't it look grand?' There is no more restful country that ever yet

was seen

Than is the lake called Emerald because it is so green.

And set beside the water there's a Chalet can be seen.

With cabins full of cosy beds and blankets warm and clean.

And since the most important thought is how we shall be fed.

I'll tell you that the Chalet is the home of fancybread;

There's shortbread and there's oatcakes and the lovely kinds of cake

That cooks that come to Canada from good old Scotland bake.

It's the most digestful country that ever yet was seen;

This lovely lake called Emerald because it is so green.

22

O LAKE O'HARA

(Tune-O Sole Mio)

How sweet the moonlight on the lake that lingers, Like molten silver thrown from fairy fountains; Deep in the forest in a rim of mountains. How sweet the moonlight on the lake that lingers!

O Lake of dreamland, This kiss I throw! O Lake O'Hara, I love you so! O'Hara, O Lake O'Hara, I love you so, I love you so!

Beside the campfire when the night has fallen We watch the stars between the treetops stealing, The trails of heaven in the lake revealing, Beside the campfire when the night has fallen.

O Lake of dreamland, This kiss I throw! O Lake O'Hara, I love you so! O'Hara, O Lake O'Hara, I love you so, I love you so.!

23 IN THE MOUNTAINS BY THE **CAMPFIRE**

(Tune-In the Evening by the Moonlight)

In the mountains by the campfire You can hear mosquitoes singing; In the mountains by the campfire You can feel mosquitoes stinging; How the blighters must enjoy it, As we lie all night and listen, As they sing in the mountains by the campfire!

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL 24

(Trail Hiker's Version)

There's a long, long trail a'winding Into the land of my dreams, Where I hear my comrades singing And the camp-fire gleams There's a long long night of dozing Until the day breaks anew, And I start again a-hiking Down that long, long trail with you.

THE NEW EGYPT TRAIL 25

(Tune—Isle of Capri)

'Twas on the new Egypt Trail that I found her, She was a chipmunk that sat in her tail; Oh! I can still see the fragments around her Of the doughnut I lost on the trail. Though there are chipmunks at Banff and O'Hara, And at Moraine Lake the marmots prevail, You'll find the marmotty chipmunkey Paradise on earth is the new Egypt Trail.

Supper time was nearly over, Rocky Mountain moon on high. She said "Mister, I'm a rover; Can you spare a small chunk of pie?" I whispered sharply, "It's best not to linger, You'll find it safe at the top of a tree." But she had lifted a paw to my finger, 'Twas goodbye to a doughnut for me!

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Sloper Mrs. Leslie A., Boston, Mass.
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Smith, Miss Adelaide, Montreal, Que.
Somerville, Ian C., Philadelphia, Pa.
Spouse, Mrs. John, Vancouver, B.C.
Stern, Carl, New York, N.Y.
Stevenson, Prof. O. J., Guelph, Ont.
Stevenson, Mrs. O. J. Guelph, Ont.
Stewart, Miss M. B., Whitby, Ont.
Strawbridge, Miss M. S., Montreal, Que.
Sussdorff, Louis, Jr., Washington, D.C.

Thomas, Miss Dorothy M., Malvern, Worcs., England Turbayne, Miss L., Banff, Alta.

Vaux, Mrs. George, Jr., Bryn Mawr, Pa. Vaux, George, Bryn Mawr, Pa. Vaux, Henry, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Walker, Major W. J. Selby, Calgary, Alta. Ward, Mrs. Samuel, Banff, Alta. Ward, Mrs. Samuel, Banff, Alta. Ward, Samuel, Banff, Alta. Watts, Miss Freda E., London, England. Wheeler, John O., Sidney, B.C. Wheeler, Mrs. A. O., Sidney, B.C. Wheeler, Mrs. A. O., Sidney, B.C. Wilder, Miss Emma N., La Crosse, Wis. Wilson Miss Betty, Banff, Alta. Wilson, Mrs. John C., Banff, Alta. Wilson, Mrs. John C., Banff, Alta. Whitford, W. C., Chicago, Ill. Whyte, Peter, Banff, Alta. Whyte, Mrs. Peter, Banff, Alta. Whyte, Miss Dorothy V., Lynn Creek, B.C. Wyatt, Miss Elva A., Chicago, Ill.

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